

1850  
TO  
**BOURKE'S STATUE**

THIS  
APPROPRIATE EFFUSION  
OF  
**UNPROFITABLE BRASS**



*Unceremoniously Dedicated,*

BY  
**ICHNEUMON,**

ANXIOUS TO  
INSTRUCT HIS GRANDMOTHERS  
IN  
**THE INDUCTIVE SCIENCE**  
OF  
**SUCKING EGGS.**

✓



"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,  
To see oursel's as others see us,"

---

Alumni of the South : I fain would sing  
The pompous asses and their blustering  
Whose acts obey the vice versa law  
Reflecting lustre from mere men of straw  
Who, like the laughing jackass, cachinnate }  
In silly chatter to the chair of state }  
Where sculptors model so securely sate,— }  
Where deepest jet, the purest pearl, outvies  
Nature still constant in anomalies  
And "Honest man, God's noblest work," a name  
Unknown in annals of this House of Fame—  
More lofty verse for such were penned in vaen  
Each pick his portrait in pure doggrel strain.—  
Let stern reality my picture fill  
Forego the lovely for the literal  
My metre as my tone play as I please  
With varied tints, as Autumn paints the trees.—  
Let me invoke, dread Nemesis, thy aid  
Thy coin flow freely where the debt is paid  
Oh ! may this nobbler bright my muse inspire  
And guide my goose quill thro' thy maze,—Satire,—

---

\* Apples of Sodom fair outside, dirt to the core.

First on the Stage, drag am'rous Charley forth  
 Of stolid countenance in mirth or wrath,  
 Whose blue bagged jowl proclaims his boasted tree,  
 The Dead sea\* fruit of bastard ancestry ;—  
 Clever to "tip the silk" give double thong  
 Or *chalk* out cherubs a là Mittagong —  
 This pilot, England's choice, to guide the helm  
 Corrupt a peoplo and confound a realm,  
 Where Nature's gifts were all that man could have,  
 Each stream Pactolus, Commerco on the wave,  
 Wise were such choice, did wino and wassail bring  
 The attributes pertaining to a King ;  
 Wise were the choice, did ignoranceo decreo  
 Weal, worth, and blessing to posterity ;  
 Wise is the choice, blind mortals slow to know,  
 Where foulest sewer, the richest crop must grow ;  
 Virtue and Justice provo etceteras hero  
 Where vice is rampant, Wisdom sheds a tear.—  
 Unhappy Land ! where every post is sold  
 Where wives work wonders, woman versus gold,  
 Where lust and passion find an easy prey,  
 For mothers pander for a monster's pay ;  
 Husbands devour the bread that beauty buys,—  
 Oh ! drop the veil o'er past atrocities—  
 As Fouché spoke of some voluptuous halls  
 Those deeds, re-echo our vice-regal halls  
 As o'er Pompeian stews 'neath sign of brass  
 Be blazoned here ("hic habet felicitas")—  
 Oh look around, where this mis-govern'd land  
 Shews, labor lost, engraved on every hand,—  
 Should any pile rear loftier roof on high  
 There spilt the blood of convict dynasty—  
 Now Farmers-General vegetate at ease,  
 The driv'ling dotards but increase their fees,  
 Lessen the lustre of Great Britain's name,  
 While virtue blushes, deepest blush of shame ;  
 The land were happy with no farther harm,  
 Nor envy wo the ordure of their farm——.  
 Glorious achievement of two lustrums peace

Raised six score ducks and half a hundred geese,  
 Well pampered ease its golden eggs may hoard  
 Geese throng around, as well as on the hoard—  
 If in tradition there be truth at all  
 Here's the right stuff to save the Capitol  
 Nor our fierce Yeomen and brave Volunteers  
 Anticipate a grateful nations tears,  
 Unborn the Rooshuns Sydney rifles kill  
 And troopers *charged* but in their *tailor's bill*  
 Oh blazes ! 'twere a goodly sight to see  
 The town turn out its troops of Cavalry  
 All daring riders on their lamp-post steeds  
 Both man and horse unique in divers breeds,  
 The moustache movement proves the only one  
 The gallant Yeomanry has ever done——  
 When Rooshans come ; shall follow Polar bears  
 The shaggy races will descend in pairs  
 And make reprisals on some stormy day  
 On Perouse monument, in Botany Bay—  
 Well did Macdonald (ere he cut) foresee,  
 On that dread day a bloodless victory,  
 The parole "*sauve qui peut*" proclaims their fate,  
 The troopers rally round the turnpike gate ;  
 The pikeman opens, (tipped with ample pay),  
 And running Riflemen point out the way.

Pass Vizier Deass who with aspect mild  
 Could charm a servant or beguile a child,  
 Low cunning was your forte ; yea, 't is confest,  
 Experience colonial forged you best,  
 Amid the sneaks who pandered to the chief  
 To court a courtesan or cloak a thief—  
 All selfish interest thine,—I've yet to know  
 What you have done without quid pro quo ?  
 From earliest times when gifts of early purl  
 Poured on each mistress in delightful whirl,  
 To when the more sedate and crafty Turk  
 Sacked his Zenana to embrace a Bourke—  
 For such as thou I have no time to sparo

You've left the land, and where, none know nor care  
 Stop where you are, 'twill be Australia's gain  
 Your pension pilfer, don't come hack again.—

What modern Œdipus the riddle solves  
 That riddle on whose con the weight devolves,  
 To raise or lower the steelyard of the stato  
 To ink to Zero or to raise it Great :—  
 Cold sweats 'tis said reduced him two stone less  
 Since Cowper's motion plunged him in a mess—  
 Had he but kept to cutlots and small beer  
 With tongue fast fettered, he had nought to fear  
 But mad ambition and the greed for gain  
 Have proved at once his antidote and bane—  
 He too he pensioned for his work and worth,  
 Of such live stock may Sydney have a dearth—  
 A wondrous digit is that number nine ;  
 In mystic circle or the magic line  
 Others than Wizard of the North divine  
 That 6 inverted still is number nine ;  
 But when applied to bonded eau de vie  
 A light clears up a seeming mystery,  
 'Tis true yet strange that wondrous never cease  
 From herbs of Holloway to Bruin's grease  
 The simples' virtue and the pure supply  
 Like statesman Riddle, turn out "*all my eye,*"  
 And "*Betty Martin*" Martin great in song—  
 Who solved this *riddle*?—*Profits Dan and Long.*

The cork is drawn the Treasurer's hottled lero  
 Now pours in bumpers from his cellar'd store  
 Old classic cribs are conjured from the dust  
 But countless folios won't remove the rust,  
 Spell, Spout, and splutter for your hireling clan  
 Your peroration ends where you began——

Haste dummy Stirling quick your harness doff  
 Ere upstart Denison should lug it off  
 (But little wisdom Downing-street I fear  
 Translates this quondum Gaoler-General hero

Whether 'tis *freeman*, whether bondman write }  
 Or breed or color Hubert *can* indict }  
 High cockalorumtibi ends in fight,— }  
 No rivets here, no iron to rust the soul  
 Despite of despot or his chains control)——  
 Erst rummy Lord of Stills, Church, Infant lands  
 Why trust your footing on these vile quicksands  
 Where weight of M. O. only sinks you deep  
 In miro you wade, but have not strength to leap ?  
 Go ; learn the fable of the Bull and Frog  
 Ye worthy worshippers of Guildhall Gog\*

Alas ! unlike the worthy plodding soul,  
 Who chased, in harness down the fleeting gaol,—  
 As eager youth pursued the Iris bound,  
 The more be searched, more distant it was found,  
 Lithgow ; full well performed your thankless part—  
 Your sole reward, a sound and honest heart—  
 That gladsome conscience, deeds not words impart,—  
 Let seasons roll ; when history begin : :  
 And rumour trumpets overy beinous sin—  
 When all embezzlement is blazon'd broad—  
 Your firm integrity shall fame record ;  
 When bribes were barbed and virtuous, vilest deeds  
 A rara avis midst a herd of thieves——  
 May happy age succeed unblemished youth,  
 And Fortune's favors once repay the truth.——

See him of aspect dire and haughty gait  
 As though himself were a triumvirate,  
 Who dreams of honors, forges Bomerang screws  
 And wakes in anger Camöens lofty muse  
 Who damns the language that cooked such rhymo  
 (To spoil the Lusiad were a beinous crime :)  
 Your childish choler but provokes a sneer,  
 And makes you small, tho very smallest beer,

---

\* Those who remember the figures of Gog and Magog in Guildhall, London, will at once acknowledge the striking resemblance in feature and intellect.

With Sisypheic attempts Fame's temple try  
 No niche is there for eccentricity ———  
 High roads *Colossus* once was yours the power  
 To move each bullock team as coach and four.  
 Why did you fail, when yours the ironed man  
 To make the "high hills hop" as hop'd "Bashan?"  
 Go grave your maps, in survey you succeed  
 Where praise is worthy, let me grant the meed,  
 Thousands of men and money shout for land  
 But here as elsewhere work is at a stand.—

Let Customs Chief sedately take his place,  
 Midst waning moon-calves shew one ghibbous face,  
 'Tis true no Pylian's mantle did descend  
 To guide his eloquence, his peers defend,  
 But cast amid this heterogeneous race,  
 A man midst Chimpanzees—quito out of place—  
 He does his work sans peur et sans reproche  
 And dont emhezzle to display a coach.—

What umbrella major now appears  
 And takes his seat quite overcome by fears?  
 What pale timidity sits on his brow  
 As though his heart anticipatos a row  
 Clever to plead for place, or lick a plate  
 To cough in Council, or to clean a grate,  
 From lowest grade this Magnate's riz so high  
 He quite forgets his proud antiquity.—  
 Tried every *post* he now the *master* rules  
 And misdirects the foolery of fools ———  
 Hoard up your money while 'tis easy earned  
 No distant day, the tables must be turned.—

See Pinchgut member fumble at the door  
 In case his comates aint gone in before  
 A precious mull he made the other day  
 To vote by accident the other way,——  
 How ludicrous the nod, tho heck, and wink  
 Como here, "no there," "'tis right fornent, I think;"

Belay at Bellamy's, imbibe the *cheer*,  
 The only sort you'll ere call forth I fear ;  
 Your flunkey stepson hover on your wake,  
 And flush your intellect with ale and cake ;  
 Port Curtis Barataria missed your rule  
 And Sancho Panza mounts again his mule—

Oh "cloud Capt." Brownne, oh, passim H.H.B.  
 What Demon tempted me to scribble thee?  
 Oh ! whipper-in at tail of every hound  
 Where'er the carcase, you are surely found,—  
 Ships mate yourself, a mate you found at sea,  
 That one bright gleam reveals thy history,  
 Proclaims the interest vested in the land  
 Your step-sire's mantle must on you descend—  
 Dead Reck'ning proves the acme of your skill  
 While living Immigrants your pockets fill,—  
 Why Sydneyites so long can harbor thee  
 Looms in my mind a sorry mystery.——

Supreme Attorney, oracle of law  
 I fain a veil would o'er your portrait draw  
 Those shrivelled features, indices of brain  
 Pronounce, that Bigotry will prove your bane,  
 The Jesuits cunning dictates every move  
 And Roman tramples on the *Sydney Cove*——  
 Great J.P. architect, be warned, beware,  
 Who live by logic, need to split a hair  
 Your Magistrates, the benches well adorn  
 Curs, caitiffs, cuifs, a byeword and a scorn.—  
 'Tis true some read, some write, or drink or swear  
 All barter justice, where all tip is fair  
 The master grinds the man—'tis snob prevails  
 E'en Jilks would fail to regulate the scales.—  
 Homage to beauty and to talent's due  
 From Irish Judges and Attorney's too,  
 Whether on stage or at drop scene they act  
 More pride of place wero meet (a stubborn fact)  
 Than panegyric pen at any price,  
 Or keep a hostile for a cantatrice.——



Pronounced just as you please, but it will rhyme  
 In Sydney dialect and ding-dong chime.—  
 For shame ! for shame ! good Cuthills name refuse  
 And brand "The Foundlings" the itinerant muse  
 Let Tommy Barker put his fortune down  
 And shine a second Heriot in renown  
 Then may St. Barker puppefy the town—  
 Euphonious is the name of Tommy B.  
 Euphonious his colonial history  
 Chief Justice and Chief Miller thick as thieves  
 Antithesis of our antipodes.—

*Solicitor* "ethereal mildness come,"  
 'T is sweet from out the d——d to rescue some,  
 Your foibles are weak man's, 't were painful praise  
 To hold you honest in these golden days,  
 When honesty's reward is Fortune's frown,  
 So trite the fact it has a proverb grown,  
 'T is strategy, not strength, that lands the trout,  
 All cut, like Poleaxe but—they're not found out.  
 You're rather prosy, full stop, and hum drum,  
 A trifle that besides your comrade's *mum*,  
 Ryan's happy answer, written on your heart,  
 Shows repartee may sometimes good impart,  
 Your tongue be tempered, nor o'eract in farce,  
 He heaves no stones, whose house is built of glass—

So now I've handled all the hireling hacks,  
 (Fine steel heeds not the harness on their backs)  
 I 'll wipe the blade o'er every paltry loon  
 And speak to Speaker in his proper tune—  
 Look where he sits ensconced in ample chair,  
 A jackal silent in a lion's lair—  
 'T is by the gross that nature breeds such things,  
 Insects of even that have cast their wings,  
 All, all alike, without a plume to soar,  
 But armed with weapons, sharp to sink them lower,  
 Tho' versed in all, being no detective spy,  
 Some secrets I will spare publicity,

"Sat me lusisti," in some evil hour  
 Creature of fortune ; you, may well feel her power—

Cyclopiian Gonerworth, Sydney's godlike man  
 Who chaos banished. when her day began,  
 You have have had yours—as every dog enjoys,  
 Till hunger's sated and the carrion cloy—  
 I'll not be personal, nor say one word  
 Of fiction, no, nor of the facts I've heard—  
 Posterity s hall judge your vaunted deeds  
 Told oft and hopeless as are penance beads,  
 The "bloody head," as Darling left the shore,  
 Can't smear your conscience, 'twas but bullock's gore,  
 Revenge were cowardly that woman scares,  
 But craft, not courage, is the game of bears,  
 Oh ! changeling soul, oh selfish renegade,  
 You'd sell your country and yourself degrade—  
 Eschow the past, vice-regal vices ape  
 Thersites, crooked in thy ways as shape—  
 Fair Norfolk Isle, the climate of thy birth  
 For ever chain thee to thy native hearth—  
 Look on this picture "*useless Highland boors*,"  
 See, now the gillies urge him o'er the moors,  
 The wornout debauchee, now knows *their worth*  
 Did they know *his* he'd get a pleasant berth,  
 "Wine bibber," look, lest you o'erleap the goal,  
 "Thou dog in forehead, but a hart in soul"

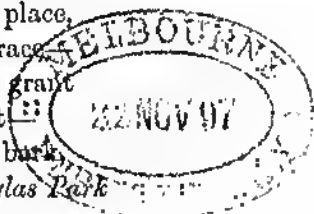
Show, noisy charlatan, thy "gig lamp" face,  
 Thy hearers titillate with low grimace—  
 Whilo Sawney saws and ribald jests you try,  
 Each joke, a type of Scotch vulgarity,——  
 As bad's the best—I grant you first in nouye  
 Most learned, Rev. Doctor in the House  
 To *pec* or speculate with you the same,  
 Both rant and banter seem a winning game.  
 The epitaph on Francis Chartres do }  
 For all your tribe, especially for you, }  
 And has some novelty in being true— }  
 In all the phases of your past career,

No hypocrito or Prodigal appear—  
 Consummate impudence forbade the one,  
 And downright meanness, would the other shun.

Come Camel of the wharf, spit forth your spleen,  
 Swear black is white, avow that white is green,  
 Say gold's not gold, but metal's base alloy  
 Pert opposition of an illtrained boy,  
 Tho twits and twaddle of a school debate,  
 Shine bright in archives of your infant state,—  
 Augean's stables need Herculean broom  
 Both thows and sinews of a stalwart groom—  
 Go sell your slops, sand-sugar in your store,  
 Nor heed the breakers that in distance roar,  
 Which shall o'er-whelm Gomorrha in a tide  
 Unstemmed by Canute ; 't is in vain you tried,  
 Receding waters sweep the filthied shore  
 And leave *the present* but a tale of yore.—

Mark well that fussy pursy starch frilled breast,  
 That frets and fumes,—a working tub of yeast  
 To rise itself, or sour the pauper's bread  
 Worse luck,—or lead had ballasted its head,—  
 Whose greasy skin reflects the fawning bow  
 That toadies to his Coogee patrons ; *Lo !*  
 The twin Hermophrodite's some years ago—  
 What come again to squirt at random range  
 Its foul saliva,—badinage on change,  
 How coarse vulgarity proclaims its caste  
 The parvenu—still striving to be fast—  
 'T is S, A, D, sad brand to squatter's known,  
 Whom oft it pilfered, and thro' whom 't is grown,  
 The shameless sham, the cautious coward cur,  
 That blasts the land as doth the Bathurst burr—  
 'T was Chilian horse imports the noxious weed,  
 The fates forbid ass propagate its breed,  
 The patriot Pict who sowed the thistle down  
 Compared with this, were Curtius in renown.—

In stato palaver, scalpless Doctor's join,  
 Prone to prescribe their quack "*Great Medicine*  
 Of *brandy pawnee* tribe these warriors bold  
 To bleed, shave, chatter as their craft of old—  
 Oh! shade of Grattan can thy wraith now see  
 The tricks of namesakes in posterity?  
 A Douglass to the rescue—echo calls,  
 Oh "walls have ears"—not so the Council halls—  
 Your idol, vulgar Goneworth, squints not there  
 Greek fire falls feebly on the classic chair,  
 Your finger in the pie on every side  
 Unless its served at feast of Barmicide,  
 Euphonious language loves Hibernian lung  
 And blandest blarney proves Milesian tongue  
 Bounce and bombast will elbow in a place,  
 Or you're not scion of your father's race.  
 A pile, you pocket from Macquarie's grant  
 That Bill of Billy's realized the plant  
 The hono digested, loud the lurchers bark,  
 And *town* uncanny, springs up *Douglas Park*  
 As Santa Fé before Boabdil's walls,  
 So rise the outlines of ancestral Halls,  
 Sure Paddy's beat beneath Australian sky  
 Trace the patrician from prosperity.—



What ass is this? Assassin's near the mark  
 That aims his venom'd arrow in the dark?  
 Cadaverous beat of palish lurid hue  
 Arch your sire Deacon,—arch indeed are you }  
 Needs givo to Parson, as to Deil, his due— }  
 (The Cape of Hope relates an oft told tale  
 The Table mount still breathes the warriors wail—  
 No Menelaus there avenge *her* charms  
 And Holy men discard recourse to *arms*,  
 A second flame shall fulminate from Jove,  
 And vet'ran gunner lights the match of love,  
 Strange is the story, strange indeed if true,  
 May "Caller herrin" be rehearsed anew)—  
 You'd drag a railway over pet Church-hill,

You phantom Hudson all devoid of skill—  
 "Proud science never taught your soul to stray"  
 Farther than Camden and its milky way,—  
 Black is the heart beneath that pallid skin,  
 Malevolence wrinkles in a fiendish grin,  
 False to your friend, *a friend* you'll never have,  
 Your life a lie—a lie will point your grave ;  
 Who would confide in you must hope in sin,  
 For Satan hovers where your steps have been.—  
 Of all that's grovelling, dirty, low or bad  
 You stand the vilest—what I say, I've said——  
 Lisp not your lies aloud, nor cock sure crow  
 Lest horsewhip second, what my words avow  
 Foul daub avaunt, false colour fling afar  
 Nor devil blast you blacker than you are.—

Come creelo Darewell, make your game I pray,  
 Vote stakes too low !—we'll dash at higher play—  
 No Constitution monger buy your vote  
 'Twould spoil the speech that mem'ry got by rote  
 Speak to the point and be not so verbose,  
 To be too stiff's as bad as too jecose  
 Some merit in a way to you pertains,—  
 'T is no great matter—you can count your grains—  
 In Darewell's chambers met a motley group  
 With necks outstretched like geese enclosed in coop,  
 Gasping to gobble up the words that fell  
 (Like pearls 'mid swine) from astute Ante-Te, ll——  
 As in this wondrous land all works contraire  
 The lazy loungers, that had mustered there,  
 Startle ; as eloquence from Bayley burst,—  
 " We are hero to canonize our Charles the First  
 Great Charles the Martyr to a golden pile  
 Who suffered ;—but from overflow of bile,—  
 Who if he did no good did no great harm  
 A bell all powerless to create alarm ;—  
 Where is the mob not even Fairfax here  
 Nor yet his wife ? no ; " too much wit " I fear ;—  
 Each testimonial now the last outvies

Following the current course of courtesies,—  
 For length of residence of kin or kith  
 Tako for one instance that of Throsby Smith  
 Whose name melodious has so famous grown  
 That the Lake songsters warble it alone."——  
 Then cast Saint Charles in rich Corinthian brass }  
 A grand finale to an eight years farce }  
 And every Pandarus———  
 The lazy constables the vellum bear  
 And force in terror each hind's signature,—  
 The clans are roused ; forth goes the burning brand  
 Loud swells the *Mort* note o'er Australia's strand  
 Far o'er the waves reverberates the horn,  
 For the last time ; a going, going, gone.——

What *Martin* this that chirps about the Hall  
 For ever piping with new note for all ?—  
 Stare stupid M. C.'s. at research so dry,  
 And which alone wont shine in orat'ry—  
 That flippant Police Court style just cast aside  
 And manliness will many a defect hide——  
 Demosthenes selects some seamew shore  
 And would outroar the breakers in their roar  
 While pebble mouthed he thus his stammer cures  
 Like like begets 't will do the same for yours  
 Tyro as yet—you'll play the Stateman's game  
 Perchance may occupy a niche in fame,—  
 Integrity of purpose, strength of mind,  
 Will leave your lubber compeers far behind——

Hail native *Nicholls* gift with common sense  
 Of vig'rous mind and sober diligence,  
 Of various talent, fit for better cause  
 Than pettifogging in our antique laws—  
 As you have felt the kindly aid of Jews  
 Plead for their Rabbi nor the tin refuse,  
 In every skirmish ; in the van you stood  
 Your acts intended for your country's good.—

Hit *Murray* hard, thou man of solemn mood  
 Of lengthened visage and of rectitude

Whose deep drawn sighs (unlike thy beard) have growo  
 To echo Werter's sorrows, with thine own—  
 What though you tiro the nobblerising throng  
 With fragments dragging their slow length along,  
 For lack of eloquence, shall worth atone,  
 Your mein is manly and your mind your own.—

Bear with me Rufus, I would tribute pay  
 Ere yet I terminate my transient lay,  
 To noblo candour, honesty of heart,  
 Ono framed to exercise a beiter part—  
 Oh know thyself—timidly eschew,  
 What virtue prompts dont hesitato to do  
 Avoid cabals, the cliques of vicious climo  
 Await the advent of a better time,———  
 With geniús bonnd, and manhood gone to grass  
 If vice don't prosper, write me down an ass.—

Come generous Bland the good, the kind, the friend,  
 In whom a host of genuino virtues blend  
 How loud erst while thy voice in 'stern debate  
 Controlled the Council or opposed the State,  
 Why hast thou slumbered? to when Australia's prow  
 Moored to the shore confronts thy frosty pow  
 Whilo tim'rous pilot dreads to launch the boat  
 Which craven crimped crew could not set afloat—  
 What crotchet now inflames your vivid brain?  
 Steam o'er the calm and face the breeze again  
 Heed not the chilliness of nobs grown cold  
 Time may destroy, but cannot make *you* old.

Up puppet vender, play the marionette  
 Your mighty passions, puff in constant fret  
 At silly trifles, Gabo and its oil  
 May they in turgid indignation boil———  
 Oi polloi crawlers claim their hideous God  
 A grateful "*Empire*" breathes but at his nod,  
 Vulgarity of person, action, soul,  
 Proves him not ablest, that may reach the goal—

The mammoth press the Daily's of the town  
 Our poor old "*Granny*" and *Parkesennery's* own }  
 Y'clept the '*Empire*;' both of like renown,  
 As clover to misquote: when scant of nows  
 Fill filthy columns from the Sydney stews—  
 Should aught original here find a place  
 \*It would the vilest venal pen disgrace——

The *Kempian torso*! futuro students hail  
 With anxious query, had the thing a tail?  
 A future Owen striking at the root,  
 Shall mend the monster, reconstruct the brute,  
 And prove the best of *Megatherium* brood  
 Of waddling habits, and waste paper food,  
 Of wondrous action, startled seal at bay  
 Legs! thy asymptotes,—Hyperbola!!!  
 (Which as the erudite M. C.'s don't know  
 Ever approach tho' meeting proves no gof)———  
 All know the tale of the Kilkenny cats  
 Whoso wars intestine spare the breed of rats  
 For, as poor pussy at its neighbour rails  
 Both disappear, and lo! a pair of tails—  
 So shall *Parkesennery* from intestine flights  
 Leave to post-science but his co-prolites.—

Is this an Atheist that my fancy drew  
 Or Moslem, Parsee, Pariah, or Jew?  
 Prophetic typical of your renown  
 Is that skew bridge that lately tumbled down  
 Tho keystone speech so archly done by you  
 That it might finish as commenced askew——  
 With such fatality; predestined work  
 In future hail it as the *Brig 'o Turk*——  
 Soi disant Hakim,—versed in Bailey law  
 Where monster's guineas buy his feline paw }  
 To play with murder or to find a flaw,

\* The terms "step in the right direction" "crying evil" and "besetting sin" form a constant, wherewith to calculate a Leader for the Sydney Morning Herald.

† It is a fact that even in the dialect of the best Sydney society certain admixture of slang is necessary to be understood.



Who brags of Cockney trips to Palestine  
 A feat as simple as ascend the Rhine,  
 Munchausen fires his shots in far Darfur  
 "Hic niger est"—too sceptical for Moor.—

Come peerless parson, to my lesson lest  
 'Cute cyclone circler, sage, geologist——  
 The North Shore witlings may behold 'tis true  
 A Lyell or a Murchison in you  
 Or, in St. Leonard's Sunday fervour feel  
 In pulpit eloquence, you beat McNeil——  
 When Moses struck the rock with rod of old  
 Water gushed forth—yours, yields us virgin gold.  
 While savans differ as to divers sorts,  
 Believe that rock, the patronyme of quartz——  
 More versatile than Moses in your way  
 Break rocks, commandments, or prescribe to pray.  
 Do ! churlish churchman double U.B.C.  
 Don't strive to prove the World's Directory  
 Newton, self-styled a child upon the shore  
 Collecting pebbles ; you are far before——  
 Map unknown spheres, control the Comet's course  
 And brand the winged Pegasus your horse——

Bleak house blears blindly o'er Eliza's Bay  
 Chill as the owner's hospitality  
 No music there save weeping willows sigh,  
 And wavelets ripple murm'ring lullaby,  
 Chance pic nic pilgrim\*, seeking scallop shell  
 Draws down in dudgeon this high Admiral.  
 "Flotsom and jetsom on these shores are mine,  
 Hark to my deep mouthed bloodhounds sanguine whine"—  
 Too selfish, greedy, puffy, and effete  
 For Council squabbles or a world's debate  
 This Hermit next appears upon my list,  
 Oh, tiresome twaddle of the naturalist

---

\* I leave to the Antiquary to decipher the ancient badge of the Pilgrim Fathers of N.S.W. An arrow head with the letters P B over B O under.

Or Natural—for aught that we can know  
 As where there's talent, it must surely show.  
 Why, slavish parasites make such a fuss  
 'Bout pseudo garden of Alcinous?——  
 Self only dwells in this Cimmerian Bay.  
 Where, (if 'tis true what meddling tabbies say)  
 This Polyphemus doth with Polly play,  
 And snakes and adders usher in the day.  
 What Cerberus bloodhounds closely guard the gates  
 Where solitary gourmand vegetates,  
 Prates of past turtle steaks and "codger" whales  
 Such spicy food and racywit prevails,  
 And as the Persian pig of former day  
 Boasts all he has eaten he can take away—  
 Could he but see himself as others do  
 His consequence would drop a peg or two  
 Christendom's eighth Champion;—'tis to you  
 This ladies album epigram is due  
 Which Barkers flunkey picked up at your gate,  
 And gave Miss ———; for a perquisite—  
 "Not steeped in gore Religion's flag, when woman was  
 the cause  
 Of deadly feud, of nations fall, of devastating wars  
 Now Superstition drains the blood—not woman's stolen  
 kiss  
 Still beauty lurks in maiden's smile, *yet all that's wrong's  
 a miss.*"  
 Ho, Cavalier servente to the dame,  
 Of feather flirting, and Shakspearian fame,  
 Whose little deaf uxorious husband whines,  
 As passing years increase the antler's tynes——  
 Here are rehearsed the joys of senile bliss,  
 Conned from the mysteries of Eleusis  
 And Lupercalia, here the game outvies  
 Of Dives doating o'er love's tragedies——  
 'T were well, that at that memorable play  
 The dark avengers were so far away,  
 Or else that ugly scull were bare to-day  
 As the poor Islander's, (Ben Boyd's they say)——



Museums may reject the filthy lot  
 I'll mount the skull a novel \* \*  
 What matter? filled; more fertile than its brains  
 'T will scatter plenty, not hoard up its gains—  
 Among the rubbish, for the Paris show,  
 See here one thing from which some blessings flow  
 Shown with marsupial Australian fleas;  
 View Mammon's skull, from the antipodes————

Realm vies with realm in fashion and haut ton  
 The modern Cyclop strives with Solomon——  
 In solemn silence, the Jew's temple rose,  
 As was commanded, and tradition shows  
 Our commerce temples cause a world's uproar,  
 And steam-struck anvils ring from shore to shore.  
 Now lightning wafts the message round the World,  
 And man o'er sea o'er land by steam is whirled  
 While the sun paints with undissembling ray  
 Progressive labor of each toilsome day——  
 From Taprohane, gems and ivory wend,  
 And Tarshish still her sunny gifts shall send;  
 While Worlds unknown transmit the precious ore,  
 In masses Ophir never dreamt of yore;——  
 But *apes* are shipped from classic Sydney Cove,  
 As supercargoes of its treasure trove;  
 Samples from Goshen to enlighten France,  
 Baboonsin brains as well as countenance——  
 Full many a Hiram's master mason thero  
 A Tuhai Cain prove each artificer,  
 Boaz and Jachin rise on vapours breath  
 And domes ascend with magic *shibboleth*——

Start not star gazer P. P. K. R.N.  
 We ne'er can contemplate your like again  
 In Logs, proportionals, in you, are seen  
 Both him of Merchiston, and Maskelyne,—  
 So say the Dons,—and I am over quick  
 To grant full measure to a Lunatic,—  
 For transits, fluxions, calculus comhin'd

Evince an intellect of no common kind,  
 Of varied craft, kaleidoscopic soul  
 Fix Astral Systems, point the Astral Pole  
 The motto of marines, "by land or sea"  
 In truth pertains as equally to thee ;  
 Lords of the Isles the same ;—'t is no strange thing  
 For are not you of Southern Isles, the King ?  
 But not the monarch of your survey'd coast  
 Or, you 'ld ne'er wander now a hapless Ghost,  
 Of what men took you for,—perchance preserv'd  
 That blind Observatory where nought's observ'd  
 Where double lunars a la thumb and nose  
 Salute the traveller who thither goes,  
 To offer smoke at Cloacinas shrine  
 Or other purposes Stubbs can devine——  
 Says Watts, all knowledgo no man can acquire  
 But you have leisure, and you are for hire,—  
 Resolve the nebulae, fate o'er you flung  
 Your eye not yet as palsied as your tongue.  
 No, naught is new in this siderial sky  
 Phenomenon in our Astronomy !!—  
 What hardships Halley dared for science sake,  
 And younger Herschell—follow in his wake.——  
 Apt cases multiply (go search the schools)  
 Of genius jaded to unlighten fools  
 Alas you've listed in the Club-fool-clique  
 Of which worn subject I am sorely sick  
 If not dead-locked the tablets of your brain  
 No need to take your altitude again.——

Of would-be cognoseenti there is one  
 (I bide my time, at present partly dumb,)

Who quite devoid of talent, feeling, sense,  
 Assumes a borrowed, jackdaw consequence  
 A semi-layman churchman, he would ape,  
 And tire his clients as he tied his tape—  
 So while the time-book scores a double fee  
 His victim's tortures with strange poetry,  
 In dogg'rel couplets ;—vile tractarian stuff

Ill patient's stomach belches, quantum suff,  
 Cogs from old tomes, and dishes up a treat  
 From musty shelves and artistes obsolete.——  
 Discovery follows, tho' secure you seem,  
 Your prosy tracts with plagiarism teem  
 And what you stole from German Poets dream }  
 Unrivalled poetaster 'tis but meet,  
 You strive with H H, Sydney's Laureato,  
 Equal in poesy or ideal mind  
 Another Beaumont would a Fletcher find——  
 Lie in thy throat, malicious ugly knave  
 Thy tongue be blistered, ere it foul the brave,  
 Nor privilege of age, that coward cry  
 Slur o'er thy slanders with impunity.  
 Free as my will, my power, ere this had bled,  
 The wretch who dared calumniate the dead——

The cannon thunders, here be known to all,  
 Fall of Ballarat and Sebastopol  
 The twofold tale the bulletins unfold,  
 And *Nickel* here invades the Land of Gold ——  
 While England's Armies wade in blood of foes,  
 They spill her own at the Antipodes——  
 This ruthless sortie terror caused, 'tis plain ;  
 And Glencoe's massacre's rehearsed again——  
 Successful skirmish on La Plata's Bank  
 Cannot bring brains as easily as rank,  
 Victoria's Viceroy's brains it seems are baro  
 As the strange strategy that's fostered there,  
 May this poor policy not prove our loss,  
 Nor proud St. George sink 'neath the *Starry Cross*——

Of various changes men must undergo  
 See Cræsus' now, but paupers while ago  
 Ask not, how they amassed their mighty wealth,  
 Not easy solved, nor clean the bill of health,  
 Full many a Dives on the bleak North Shore  
 Has raised his mansion and his ample store  
 That Blocksome couple (sunk the lodging house)

Now boasts Muræenæ Stragbourg pies and grouse,  
 And hang their tiny son in golden chains  
 Each link more weighty than the trio's brains——

I've placed the donkeys—Devil take the ruck—  
 If they're self satisfied, the more the luck  
 Those not yet posted, maybe bide their time  
 For harsher stricture in more-pungent rhyme——  
 As for tho Macs, be they Mac-adamised  
 As old in fancy as their hills so prized,  
 Beauty as lavish in their mind as form  
 Of equal temper, or in calm or storm,  
 Doomed for an age to gulp sour Camden wine  
 To gnaw tho juiceless fibrine of lean kine,  
 From arid food, aridity of brain  
 Proves here predominant the curse of Cain——  
 Acid and broaxy have their pockets lined  
 While Times and progress are left far behind,  
 To ration rum they owe their happiest years  
 And fleece but followed on their grandsire's shears  
 Obeyed the proverb "mado house book and child"  
 I could descant, my muso cries "Draw it mild"——

The nondescripts the heterogeneous fry  
 The fabled Bunyips man can't classify——  
 Were I to castigate each Justice hod,  
 I'd need the aid of Usher of black rod——  
 Misnomer Equity, Insolvents bleed  
 For stale statistics I refer to Reid,——  
 (Him of long stature and more lengthy head  
 As good at politics as cards' its said  
 If you'd cull gleanings from his tale of tubs  
 Peer in at *Perriers*, reigning kings of clubs,  
 Polemics or picquet which ere he try  
 'Tis five to four he gains tho victory.)  
 Who could a tale unfold of pounds and pence  
 Of nepotism, past and present tense——  
 The Council prints the trasb for 'Privy' sako  
 That all, who run, may read, no "Reeds mistako"——

Unstable mill-fords mere dammed clods of clay  
 Yield to the tide, and leave the Deil to pay  
 At Rome as Roman; do in Botany Bay——— }  
 Or search for authors thro' the learned clan  
 Refer with pride to plodding Brallaghan  
 Whose skill made index for the old Gazettes  
 (I wish he'd tell us those who paid their debts)  
*Australia's volume* in appropriate calf  
 Upset all gravity; as dustman's laugh  
 The Crystal Palace shook; Britannia gains,  
 And copper medal pays him for his pains——

We've demi some flunkey *Monday's* book  
 Well known as *Friday* on the route he took  
 For ever acting the man Friday's part,  
 To Crusoe Charlie, or in Deass cart———  
 Whole tiresome pages with the burthen team  
 Of what he is, and what he might have been,  
 Warms o'er his "Punch," to that delightfull state  
 When cozy gossips can deliberate,  
 Espies a "gent" in Stockmans "tidy feet"  
 Flea cracker, bug destroyer to the suite——  
 Vile egotism and wolf's appetite  
 Appear this wittings acme of delight  
 How would ho hatten on thy salads Wright? }  
*My coachman, footman, valet, and my groom,*  
*My butcher, baker, farrier,* each of whom  
 Courts his fair sweetheart in the maiden's room,——  
*My Surgeon,* daily asks "my wife" what ails her  
 Monopolized each trade but undertaker——  
 Shall he thus daub each "pretty wife," indeed  
 Whom hospitality presents a feed?——  
 Beware how rinkled rakes rakes approach your gato  
 Your maids and daughters to enumerate,  
 (What matters marriage? in this land 'tis known  
 The married rake walks o'er the course alone)  
 To glean a lying yarn from serving men  
 To pilfer halfpence with their paltry pen;  
 Which, but proclaims the want of whip at school

Misquotes from Syntax—votes their host a fool.—  
 Will any tell, cui bono, is the grade,  
 Of Majors General, Majors of Brigado,  
 Of tottering staff whose peaceful pockets fill,  
 Where all are officers and soldiers nil,  
 Whose only care's sufficiency of "ale,"  
 And strive to prove their wives marsupial——  
 From Horse Guards patronage our shores defend'  
 We'll pay the Forces ; but old crones forefend.

Pray who is "Eldershaw," where flown, where came  
 I know a dark brown mare with just that name  
 Brands 8 on shoulder, 0 beneath the mane  
 A good one too, she was, perhaps the same  
 Sprung from '*Houghnhums*,' known in equino fame  
 For '*Yahoos* loiter o'er her hurnt demesne ;——  
 If not a horse ; one thing is clear as glass

These dry rot leaves are leavings of an *Ass*  
 Mid muffs like these Sam Raymond has a chance,  
 Long latent genius shall at last advance,  
 Burst from the shadows where it lay entranced  
 Like angel visits 't will be more enhanced—  
 Dubious and dusty dormant MSS,  
 Escaped the mangle for the printing press,  
 If I don't err, old bricks, said diary know  
 In Eastcheap, Poultry, Paternoster-row  
 Save Bannister or Baron Field 'tis clear  
 Brought o'er the rubbish just to shoot it here——  
 In hygone days, great nunquam dormiens "Bell"  
 Fired off this squih, which hit extremely well  
 As point blank rango suits now as well then,  
 God save the mark, why let it off again  
 "The Gazotte of St. Francisco offers dollars thousands five  
 For the head of Peter Raymond who it seems is all alive  
 Happy, happy San Francisco, better far than Sydney  
 town  
 Where you cannot find a Raymond with a head worth  
 half-a-crown



In which opinion I can't quite concur  
 No, wisest mortals are least apt to err  
 Yet, for that head, should my desires incline  
 In bran new tile, I'd offer four-and-nine.—

Mid such a motley mass of parvenus,  
 The scourges puzzled where the last lash to use—  
 Legion, the name of this besotted race  
 May Charon waft each to his proper place,—  
 The learned Magnates of the City Bench  
 Who live on crime, in atmosphere of stench  
 As Dowlan Leary—shall I call the main ?  
 By Jovo 'tis Nick—don't envy them their gain.  
 The dirtiest office finds a ready mob  
 And nightman's wages, fall to nightman's job,  
 Poor Dowlan's honest (rather apt to pry)  
 Can't say the same of his fraternity  
 From childhood plodded on till now, to cry  
 I'm paid for work and not ability  
 That midday meal vexated health requires  
 It is my dinner, and saves kitchen fires.\*  
 The sword of Gideon flames in wild career  
 The great Dundas Tactician Volunteer  
 The gawky Scot and *Diggins* Chronicler.—  
 If such recruits as this, stiff Brown, can drill,  
 He well deserves a testimonial  
 Of solid gold :—not gilding of the pen  
 If louts, like these, ere move like gentlemen—.

The Hero see of Constitution Hill  
 Whose head grows lighter as his pockets fill,  
 (Bold lucky private who secured the hoy  
 An idiot playing with unloaded toy) —  
 A grateful sovereign raised him from the ranks  
 Place and promotion testify her thanks  
 See now he stalks with consequential force,  
 Learned too to ride !—a beggar on a horse,

---

\* The grave and deliberate Seigniors debated for 6 hours, whether parr Dowlan should have an hour at midday to devour his bread and chop.—The £100 for cabbage was negatived.—

Reads, writes, and speaks with equal ease and grace !  
 King or Kings' minion's cannot change his face.—  
 Here schroffs and sheriffs follow on the scent  
 From mongrel cur, to hound of high descent  
 Old gossips prate how one Alexis loved  
 How Ganymede a Corydon had proved.—  
 See Limerick Chronicle for purest blood  
 Of ketch providers downward from the flood,  
 Linked to the hectic hoydens that adorn  
 Tho ill stocked Harceems of our Golden Horn—  
 'Tis here they sell the whitewashed milk  
 In ample measure a la Jilk  
 No cove can here the landlord bilk  
 Of Garryowen na gloria—



Here slopman Argrave lays down factless law  
 Where gold must be, where nature made a flaw,  
 With "*strata dipping upwards*," and such like  
 With "*quartz conglomerate*," and "*downwards strike*"  
 With "*axis clinical*" and "*modern schist*"  
 He petrifies the wide mouthed mob who list—  
 Midst combat seeking knights of present day,  
 Not dub him one?—he'd shine as well as they ;  
 With heggar's box as full as it can hold  
 He'll give a tournament on "Clotte of Gold"—  
 On such ignoble heels to buckle spurs  
 Were jest at chivalry, a joust for curs,  
 Whose deadly vengeance, but to snarl and bite !  
 Since Courts and cowards put an end to fight.—  
 Here Knights abound, our Baronet has gone  
 And one livo Lord roams through the land alone,  
 An isolated instance o'er the main,  
 A genuine Peer, a peerless gentleman.—

Commissioners throng of high and low degree  
 Of Courts, of Land, of Sandhills and Coogee,—  
 And last and least that gold bedizened Crew  
 All useless ciphers ; pity 'tis 'tis true  
 As bare of brains as headless turkey cock

That stills struts on, with head left on the block  
 Which rare conceit's from Sterne's not Sale's Koran  
 I cannot find it, but perhaps you can.—  
 See this dull lout, that lengthy gawky boy,  
 Just cast their quills, and bought a sharper toy,—  
 Not long endured this idle bullying clique  
 Who grind the digger, for the fee, they keep,  
 Who, while he toils in sun (oft vain his task),  
 Loll in their tents or pierce the forfeit cask—  
 Much could I tell to prove the tribe's disgrace  
 But spare my strictures for another place——

The City Coms. have barely yet had time  
 To flush the sewers or calculate the fine  
 So versatile in talent are the three  
 The hydraheads of this directory——  
 Generous to wink at City rates unpaid  
 Or smirk approval of a fire brigade  
 See universal genius of a Ray,  
 Isaiah, can paraphrase, or pave the way  
 While steady Darewell holds the proper cue  
 So miss the stroke or make it, *entre nous*,  
 And Lordly Elliott holds his nose so high,  
 You'd think his function was el-factory  
 But that nice snuggery is obsolete, and Stubbs'  
 Rules, *sele* incumbent of nocturnal tubs.——

Quibbler's, impostors, pedlars are the rest  
 Of history doubtful, arrant knaves at best,  
 At least the most of them, as from the *Hell*  
 Emerge you see them, flushed with wine, pellmell—  
 All Bent-street savours of stale ale, cigars,  
 These laugh who win, the losers curse their stars  
 And that star chamber that thus *took them in*  
 Where policy excluded gentlemen——  
 Gaunt glutton, Debby's nod o'er acrid wine  
 By chance ne'er absent were a chance to dine.  
 Nod, did I say, you'll ne'er catch Dobby napping  
 At any table hut at table rapping,

For like the Ortolan, 'tis hut when fed  
 A ray of light descends upon his head—  
 Methinks this donkey of the long eared kind  
 From Balaam's rod a raedy tongue would find  
 And bray betray his poverty of mind—  
 Here statesmen stimulate 'bedad' such 'gah'  
 And Morerice moves, infected with the scah  
 His fleecy clients sound in wind and limb  
 The fatal murrain seems to stick to him.  
 Inflex pecus! slaves to Bent-st., gents,  
 Worthy the man of his constituents—  
 Miasma jests of vapid *marsh* ahound  
 As course hilarity and lush goes round  
 Should slightest scintillation sparkle,—thus  
 'Tis noxious vapour, ignis fatuus  
 While frequent pops of gooseberry champagne,  
 Proclaim unknown the liquor law of *Mayne* :  
 Who takes example from wet former *Day*  
 So never soaks, except when others pay—  
 While Gammay's gammon proves him thoro' game,  
 And points his pedigree from noble name.—  
 With arm on aide de camp (if held his tongue)  
 A passing puppet mid the motley throng.——

Etruria flourished on another plan,  
 And lying motto proves, no prophet, man,  
 Did this fair town, as Sodom's fate, depend  
 On five true men, to-day would be her end—  
 The warning TEKEL, cautions, ere too late  
 For clouds and darkness hover o'er her fate,  
 So serpents cast your skins, from slime emerge  
 Ere H. H. mourn you in immortal dirge—

Illusive as of yore strange tales it seems  
 The old see visions, and the young dream dreams—  
 Such were my waking visions; dreamings too,  
 Pass as they will, I pars them on to you,  
 Convinced each viper with envenomed tooth  
 Will feel, he, bites a file, who turns on truth.——

With this I'll finish, 'ere of mopish mood  
 Show snarling tooth and I'll again intrude,  
 At any time or place, with hand or pen  
 Dare to the Lists each petty myrmidon.  
 Full many a fling, rubs rougher wait you yet  
 This but the Alpha, of my Alphabet——  
 Archilachuss will lend his prurient pen  
 When next I note such sapient gentlemen,——  
 The mirrior now reflects direct the face  
 Oblique the angle, how it sweeps o'er spaco  
 The ray now strikes direct :—but he appriz'd,  
 It won't be healthy when 'tis polariz'd——

Much I foresee, predict for happier times  
 When minstrels lay carol in merrier rhymes,  
 When vicious truckling be a past disgrace,  
 Submerged in Lotho,—springs a gen'rous race  
 Who scon with sorrow and deep blushing frown,  
 That, said of Sydney as of Roman town,  
 This fearful truth,—('twill end my tale the faster)  
 "Nec vir fortis,,———" nec——fæmino casta"——\*

---

\* Robur et ces triplex for the Sydney University MAN sending the  
 best tranlations to the S. M. Herald.

